THE MASSACRE of Money.

Terunteo seu vitiosa nuce
non emitur.

LONDON

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THE MASSACRE OF MIDIANTY.

TO THE WOR-
shipfull, vertuous, and moſt worthy Gentlemen, M. *VVilliam*, and M. *Frauncis Bedles*, health, and theyr *hearts content.*

ALthough your worthineſſe may ſeeme in all mens iudgements to merit a more poliſht ſtile, or better contriued plot, then you are likely to finde here: yet that my affection may bee ſomewhat anſwerable to your great deſeruings, I make bold to tender you this youngling Poeſie: which for the worth is not equiualent to your dignitie, yet being the firſt fruites of my labours, I truſt will be accepted of you; which if I finde, when my riper yeares ſhall attaine to better knowledge, I will endeuour to make my proceedings an-

ſwere more fully to your merits. Till then let this ſlender worke be a true ſignall of the dutious affection I beare you, which to augment, I will endeuour continually.

Your approued friend and ſeruant:

T. A.

Proemium.

THou ſilent nurſe of ſtill ſecuritie,
That do'ſt in hollow cloſets ſhut mine eyes,
Mother of darkeneſſe, Queene of ſecrecie,
Pleaſing grim labour, with reſtes liberties.
Thou that death-like enfeebleſt euery ſence, Nox terræ vmbra.
The ſhadow of this earth's circumference.

Bereaue my pen of all amazing feare,
Turne diſturbation forth to mutinies,
Let me be bold in this darke Hemiſpheare,
A thought conceiued dreame to canonize.
And whiles pale Cinthia courts her Paramour, Muſis amica requies.
Muſe, ſing my dreamed Moneys Maſſacre.

Dread Pallas *teach me to anatomize*
The hidden inſide of cloſe errours maske:
Let me deſcry the ranke abſurdities,
That Folly ſets her ſchollers for a taske.
Folly, blind Folly, is inthronized, Regnat ſtultitia cæca.
And for a Queene by fooles authorized.

Ye foule diſſembling frye of flatterers,
Couer your faces from my ſpeedie glance,
Ye fawning Gnathoe's, ye damn'd pilferers,
I will vnmaske your hooded countenance.
Ye gold-intombing helliſh vſurers, Auari morientur amiſſa pecunia.
Foreſee yours, and your moneys maſſacres.

Proemium.

I am in labour, and the time expect
To be deliuered of a wau'ring dreame,
Good fortune as a midwife I reſpect,
Fauour a nurſe to cheriſh my young theame.
Iudicium rerum probatio. , *True iudgement in the ſchooles of equitie,*
, *Weigh my compendious toyle and induſtrie.*

If Nicenes *daughter, Curioſitie,*
Offer to view theſe youngling lines of mine,
Be bolde to tell her that her critique eye
Had need weare ſpectacles, ere ſhe can ſigne.
Nox omnia condit. , *The clowdie accents whoſe birth then was found,*
, *When* Negro *night enuironed this round.*

If Ariſtarchus *from his withered lippe,*
Let fall a drop of Aqua-fortis *hotte,*
Or if in Satyres oyle his penne he dippe,
And in the margeant paint an enuious ſpotte.
Vultus index animi. , *Tell him (my Muſe) if he could ſee his face,*
, *He would deſcry mine offred, his diſgrace.*

But whoſoe'r from his impartiall eie,
Will caſt ſweete lookes on theſe laborious lines,
Weighing my accents with iuſt equitie,
And ſo ſpeake of them as in them he findes,
Impareum iudicium receptiſſimum. , *Him as a fautour honour ſtill will I,*
, *And to his praiſe, ere bend my poeſie.*

TO

The Maſſacre of Money.

BEfore the heauen had put on heau'ns face,
Or *Neptunes* waues a chanel'd ſea had found,
Before earth knew her now abiding place,
Or ayre had reſidence aboue the ground,
Or fire aſſum'd the higheſt place of all,
To make her brightneſſe more maieſticall.

Mundus non æternus.

Before the Sunne knew his ecliptique line,
Or the round balles of fire their wheeling ſpheares,
Before the forked Moone began to ſhine,
Or any Comet in the ayre appeares,
A clotter'd Chaos, and confuſed mould,
Was all this glorious all, which we behold.

Externa ſpecies rei decus.

But natures nature, God omnipotent,
Beſtow'd a formall ſhape on all this frame,
Making each thing, erſt ſhapeleſſe, competent,
Creating man to celebrate his fame.
Then did the golden age repleat with treaſures,
Bring in the Cornucopia of pleaſures.

Aurea ætas.

No threatning lawe with ſharpe ſpurd puniſhment,
Gaue out edicts to curbe a lawleſſe rowte:
Blacke mutiny in priſon then was pent,
And outrage ſtill was kept aloofe by ſcowte.
No man came to the Iudge with cap in hand,
The iudgement ſtill of euery one did ſtand.

Stat pro lege voluntas.

The loftie Pines men on the mountaines finde,
That now are plowing vp the Ocean,
No ſayles bigge-belly'd with the wanton winde,
Haſt to a farre remoued region.
Men knew no countreys but their natiue ſoyle,
None offred to attempt an others ſpoyle.

Sua cuique regio rectiſſima.

No towne was circled with entrenched walles,
No trumpet gaue alarum to the fight:
No ſword was knowne, nor vſed: no Iron balles
From out the wherring Cannons mouth tooke flight.
No plow did cut the entralles of the earth,
Yet all of corne did neuer know the dearth.

Sine vomere Fertilis ager.

Where were your vines? (ye glutted Bacchanalls)
What winepreſſe had you then to cruſh your grapes?
Where were your iunkets? where your feſtiualls?
Where were your ryots? where your virgin-rapes?
Men fed on hippes and hawes, curnels and cherries,
Sloes, peares, and bulleis, apples, nuttes, and berries.

Quis placent melioribus ignotis.

Yet in this age was euery man a king,
All freely wearing royall diadems,
Content was held the chiefe and worthi'ſt thing,
Exceeding riches, glory, gold, or iems.
All men were peace-embracers and content,
In euery minde ſate Prince and Preſident.

Regnat qui ſit contentus.

The ground diſdain'd the plowes vnciuill touch,
It ſcorn'd all muckie putrifaction:
Yet did it yeeld of fruite and graine as much,
As by the plough-mans toileſome function
The ſtreames ran milke, and ſpatious flouds of wine
Fill'd vp the ſhores, oh glorious happie time.

Abundantia vini dulcedmẽ tollit.

But

But now *Ioues* father into *Limbo* thruſt,
The ſiluer age put downe the golden world,
Pride ſwollen *Iupiter* iudge moſt vniuſt,
This heape of pleaſure to *Auernus* hurld.
Ioue dimming all golds glorious raies of ſun-ſhine,
Siluer in pride ſets vp her glitt'ring moone-ſhine.

Fauor ſummorum humillima extollit.

Before of all things was continuall ſpring,
But now foure ſeaſons of the yeare are fram'd,
(The date is out of euer-flouriſhing)
Spring, Sommer, Autumne, Winter they are nam'd.
The ayre began with feruent heate to ſwelt,
And *Hiems* nipping colde of all was felt.

Mens hominũ mutationes aduida.

Then did the oxe with wearie labour hale
The rough plough-ſhare on *Tellus* harmleſſe face,
Then euery man gan digge on hill and dale,
And in the furrowes throwe the corne apace.
The ſeas were filled with a frequent oare,
That neuer knew the waight of ſhip before.

Quid non induſtria dilcit?

The ſiluer age now bad the world adieu,
Braſſe next ſucceeding, beares ſupremacie:
No ſooner did the world his viſage view,
But ſtraight reſign'd him all authoritie.
Though baſe of mettall, yet in impudence,
He did ſurpaſſe ſiluers preheminence.

Aſpirant humiles.

He brought the world to brazen ignorance,
He taught the ſouldier to manage armes,
He made true iudgement ſtoupe to arrogance,
In euery eare he ſounds deaths ſhrill alarmes.
Neighbor ſeekes Neighbors, Nation Nations woe,
One countrey luſts an others ouerthrowe.

Gens inuida genti.

Iron ſteppes in, and chaſeth braſſe away,
Bid vertue now goe ſeeke a reſidence,
Errour hath here ſet vp continuall ſtay,
And who admires not errours eminence?
Who loues not folly? nay we may auerre,
There is no man but willingly doth erre.

Placet omnibus Error.

Treaſon hath built her neſt amidſt the cloudes,
Leuelling with aſpiring ayme at *Ioue:*
Violence in an ambuſh Enuy ſhrowdes,
Pride is aſſociate with luſtfull loue.
Craft here ſets vp the art of coſening,
Ignorance there of ſpurblind cenſuring.

Habet ars quid fraudis in autro.

Euen then when *Auarice* had ſpred her wings,
And couetous deſire was waxen fligge,
A company of ruder vnderlings,
In the deepe entralls of the earth gan digge:
Whē (as amaz'd they ſtood) vnto their ſight
Appear'd a woman all in ſiluer dight.

Placet mirabele cuiquam.

No ſooner had her beautie giuen a print
In the ſoft table of theſe mortall hearts;
No ſooner had her fauour made a dint
In their weake boſomes, but ſhe plaies her part.
After her faire enticing countenance,
With witching words ſhe puts them in a trance.

Verba mouent omnes.

Mortalls (quoth ſhe) whoſe toiles deſerue ſome gaine,
If for to digge me out the maſſy deepe
You haue begunne and ended all this paine,
Though ignorant who ſhould my preſence keepe,
Take me, poſſeſſe me, chalenge me your ſlaue,
For hauing me, you ſeemē the world to haue.

Orbem Pecunia regnat.

Out

Out of th'infernall bowels of the ground,
Neare to the Stigian horrour of blacke *Dis*,
Where foule Cimerian darkneſſe ſtreakes around,
(Amidſt thoſe clowdie ſhades my manſion is)
I come, where *Styx* doth dimme the Fayries ſight, Argentũ lucit in antro.
Where all is darkneſſe, ſaue my ſplendours light.

My beautie now approaching *Phœbus* rayes,
Looſeth the beautie of her ſhining lampe,
Your eies are dim your mortal iudgemẽt ſaies.
The Sunne hath giuen me an eternall dampe.
But purge the groſſenes of your lying eine, Mendax hyperbole quidẽ.
And you ſhall ſee me darken *Phœbus* ſhine.

Whilſt that my glory midſt the clouds was hid,
Like to a Iewell in an Æthiop's eare;
Or as a ſpot vpon a chriſtall lid,
So did my brightnes with more pride appeare.
My ſelfe moſt faire, oppos'd to cloudes moſt fowle, Terra tenet aurum.
Sate as an Eagle ore a formeleſſe owle.

Ye tongueleſſe cauernes of the earth adieu,
Farewell blacke houſe of *Styx*-polluted ground:
My glory hath bene much extold by you,
In your deepe holes my brightneſſe firſt was found.
Now I haue got th'earth'ſuperficiall. Antiquæ oblita domus.
Farewell darke *Styx*, blacke *Phlegiton* and all.

No ſooner had her ſence bereauing eye,
Bewitcht with loue and admiration,
The Ideot ſight of this rude company,
(Oh palpable and groſſe illuſion)
But firſt *Auarus* maiſter of the crew, Auarus ſuſpicax.
Beheld his followers with a iealous view.

Straight he exclaimes, ye rude Mechanicalls,
Do you not tremble at this wonderment?
Ye more vnciuill then the Bacchanalls,
Do you not ſtand amaz'd at this euent?
Suum cuiq; pulchrum. This is a Queene, behold her maieſtie,
Nay more, a goddeſſe, ſee her deitie.

Bleſſed, diuine, glorious, immortall, pure,
Sacred, vnſpotted, and maieſticall,
Whoſe high ſupremacie ſtands euer ſure,
Whoſe pedigree is true celeſtiall,
Par Ioui Pecunia. Whoſe power is equiualent to the gods,
Who do'ſt exceed their maieſtie by ods.

Still let mine eyes be glutted with thy ſight,
Still let mine eares drinke thy harmonious voyce,
Still let mine hands erect to thee atight,
Beg for thy preſence, my deſires ſole choyſe.
Amatum viſus proſequitur. *Still*, oh ſtill, let my hand, mine eare, mine eie,
See, heare, and touch thy royall dignitie.

Gaze ſtill mine eye on her, attractiue glory,
Feed on her beautie, ſurfet on her grace,
Be thou in lookes her due contributory,
Glut thee with view of her reſplendant face,
Aurum placet oculis. Contemplatiue deſire let neuer reſt,
Til thou do'ſt learne her lookes be manifeſt.

Harke ſtill with true attention mine eares,
When times require, performe your function,
Her voyce more ſweete then motion of the ſpheares,
Or *Philomell* in her Pauilion.
Auris auri ſonum appetit. Oh that mine eare mazed with ſuch a ſound,
Might in a trance lye groueling on the ground,

Hands

Hands if you durſt with a ſmall ciuill touch,
Be witneſſes of this heauens ornament,
You would be proud your honour ſhould be ſuch,
To touch a goddeſſe moſt omnipotent.
Sufficeth me that I may pleaſe mine eye,
Although mine hand touch not that maieſtye.

Inops oblatum reſpuit aurum.

Goddeſſe, erect thy beautie from the ground,
Too baſe a ſeate for ſuch an Empereſſe,
Since Lady of ſuch honour thou art found,
Giue no diſparage to thy worthineſſe.
Aſſume the place of thy great dignitie,
And be the miſtreſſe of this Emperie.

Se totum Pecunia.

No ſooner had his lips dame ſilence clos'd,
But in ſteps open-handed *Prodigus*,
He with this Lady in an humour gloz'd,
Vtt'ring more braues then minuck *Roſcius*.
At laſt in words, his humour to diſplay,
Swelling in pride, to her he thus gan ſay.

Bona verba quæſo.

Lady diuine, miſtreſſe of golden mines,
Earths precious iewell, heauens paramour,
Whoſe beautie brighter then faire *Cinthia* ſhines,
All able riches, ſweete ambaſſadour.
Gracious fore-runner of felicitie,
Conſtant vpholder of high maieſtie,

Adulatio dabit amicos.

With ioyfull newes leape to this open breſt,
A receptacle for thy worthineſſe:
In this hote borough build thy warm dry neſt,
Where being heated, thou wilt ſtrait confeſſe,
A ſurer couert thou haſt neuer found,
Within the maſſie roundure of the ground.

Prodigus non habet ſuum.

Thou ſhalt view countries that be farre remote,
Thou ſhalt with me to our *Antipodes*,
Thou ſhalt behold the Zones, cold, temp'rate, hote,
Thou thouſand captiues ſhalt from bonds releaſe.
Vrbes pecunia condit. Thou ſhalt appoint countries that now lie dead,
With habitants to be repleniſhed.

Thou ſhalt a Iudge bribe with a benefite,
Thou ſhalt rich countries and whole nations buy;
Like to an Empreſſe thou by me ſhalt ſit,
Whilſt I am graced with the Empery.
Sic vole ſic Iubeo. Thy ſentence as a grauen lawe ſhall ſtand,
What caſe of lawe doth not lye in thy hand?

Thou ſhalt a paire of foes congluminate,
Yet amongſt equalls breed diſſention;
None dares preſume to be th'aſſociate,
What's not effected if thou wiſh it done?
Incendit pecunia bellum. Nations ſhall fight to ſee thy gracious fauour,
Whilſt thou ſecure ſits laughing at their labour.

Follow my colours, and thy glorious fame,
To euery eare ſhall be a frequent ſound;
All tongues with wondrous loue ſhal ſpeake thy name,
Thy preſence in all meetings ſhall be found.
Tu linguas incitus. Thy worthy name ſhall finiſh euery clauſe,
Whē thou ſhalt ceaſe to ſhine, all tongues ſhal pauſe.

No ſooner tooke his words a period,
But *Liberalis* ſteps betwixt theſe two:
Ill ere goes double championd gainſt good,
Vertue we ſee hath ſomewhat ſtill to doo.
Virtuti vitium. No Prince that raigneth, but hath enemies,
No vertue but endangered by vice.

Lady

Ladie in truth, and faire in veritie,
In pompe maieſticke, in ſhow beauteous:
In ſlie apparance full of dignitie,
In liberall actions moſt bounteous.
Though in thy ſelfe lyes no diſaſter croſſe,
Yet in thy vſage ſtands or good, or loſſe. — Re dupley vſus in omni.

We neuer knew that Natures holy Nature
Created ought to a prepoſt'rous end,
Good in it ſelfe we know is euery creature,
And from it ſelfe doth good effects intend.
Yet vſing vertue in an euill cauſe,
We guiltie are of breaking vertues lawes. — Honorat cauſa actum.

Siluer is framed to a good entent,
To be reducted to the ſhape of coine,
So to buy corne, land, houſes, nutriment,
If any man bribe with it or purloine,
Turning th'good creature to a wicked vſe,
The creature's blameles: t'is the mans abuſe. — Sub tegmine vſus abuſus.

Giue ore thy ſelfe to my tuition,
And in the Lappe of vertue build thy neſt,
This cottage is a ſecure manſion,
Voyd of all trouble, euer louing reſt.
Follow my colours, in my enſigne ſhine,
Ioyning thy vertue with this power of mine. — Verba ma'orum haud placent.

I will adict thee to a noble ſeat,
Within the cloſure of a liberall purſe:
Out of thy treaſure will I giue, and get
Vnnumbred friends, mongſt whom I wil diſ-
In lib'rall meaſure, yet with caution, (burſe
The well got goods of my poſſeſſion. — Sic parce liberatis.

When

When the poore tenant fearfully doth stand
Carefull how to discharge his landlords rent,
When Micholmas, or Lady-daye's at hand,
Fearing for debt in prison to be pent,
Bona benè. How shall a portion out thy treasury
Release the poore man of his misery?

Or whensoeuer steele-armed pouertie
Feeding vpon the entralls of a man,
Driuing all shifts to such an extasie,
That either he must steale or starue anon,
Egentibus opes. How shall a portion out thy treasurie
Buy foode to ouercome his pouertie?

Or when an Harbinger of iniury
By force depriues a poore man of his right,
He being of no strong abilitie
To follow lawe, or keepe his owne by might,
Argentum iura dabit. How shall a portion out thy treasury,
Recouer right, and beat downe iniury?

Or when a bloodlesse agues hand doth presse
On the weake lims of a diseased creature,
His bags being emptie, bare, and monilesse,
His sences feeble, weak his corps, fraile his nature.
Pecunia curat Podagram Thou canst commaund Phisitions helpe to cure,
The miseries and pangs he doth endure.

Liue thou with me and loue my company,
Leaue wantonizing with abhorred sin:
Be thou no agent in foule brothelry,
Be thou no denne for vice to harbour in.
Virtuti nulla auris aperta. But liue with me in modest merriment,
Yet if thou wilt not, I must be content.

Peace

Peace Puritan, *Auarus* gins to crye,
Fearing his worth should be reiected quite,
Plead no more fondling, this slye simpathy,
In showes like day, in truth as blacke as night.
Nor canst thou with thy faith and troth precise,
Blinde or deceiue this vertuous Ladies eyes.

Laudant quod amant.

Wilt thou relieue a begger at the dore?
Vngracious coine, on beggers to bestowe,
To let that glorious honour we adore,
Fall to the hands of a polluted shrowe,
To let the fingers of a common trull,
Siluer out of thy open purse to pull?

Quem quam non curat Auarus.

T'is thou that setst idlenesse abroach,
Feeding the lazie humours of a slaue;
T'is thou that mak'st base men on vs incroach,
Giuing to all what they desire to haue.
Thou art an author of lycentiousnesse,
Feeder of riot, and of drunkennesse.

Non videt manticæ quæ in tergo est.

Thou seruile bondman to a common groome,
Thou that hast goods, to vse them know'st not how,
Whose house to eu'ry runnagate giues roome,
Whose eare to eu'ry puling crye doth bow.
Thou that to loyt'ring churchmen oft do'st giue,
More goods then I shall scrape vp whiles I liue.

Bona malis contempta.

Do'st thinke this Lady is a seruants hire?
Shall churchmen haue her to possession?
No, first let her be molten in the fire,
Let her downe to the earth, her mansion.
Shame that her beautie so celestiall,
Should be a runnagate from one to all.

Pecunia semper erunt,

Nor you the ſonne of careleſſe diffluence,
Brother to looſeneſſe and intemperance,
Waſter of thrift, maiſter of large expence,
Whoſe wealth is of an houres continuance.
Prodigus ignorat ſua. That in one day throw'ſt more vpon the water,
Then can be gather'd a thouſand after.

Thou like an Ideot, louing all but one,
Hating that one thou ſhould'ſt loue beſt of all,
Caring for all, except thy ſelfe alone,
Who of thy loue ſhould be the principall.
Alios euchis te deuchis. Whilſt moſt thy friends & flatt'rers thou mak'ſt rich,
All thine owne wealth is bury'd in the dich.

Foole, loue thy ſelfe, cheriſh thy luſtie yeares,
Be ſtill propitious to thy ſelfe alone,
Shake off thoſe ſpaniel-fawning flatterers,
Be louing to thine owne, or kinde to none.
Alij ſis amicus, ibi charus Loue others, but obſerue this caueat,
Thy Loue to others doth not weake thy ſtate.

Lady, you ſee their ſottiſh fopperie,
Both diſſipating what you heape together,
Abiure, renounce, reiect their companie,
Or you muſt wend through countreys euery whither.
Alata Pecunia volat. What nation in the worlds circumference,
But through it in their purſes thou muſt dance.

Appeale to me, I am your zealous fauthour,
One that will hugge you in my boſomes neſt:
Be you to me my comforts onely authour,
And in this roome ſet vp your biding reſt.
Auari arca ſemper clauſa. Though all the world after your preſence gape,
Yet hid with me, you from the world ſhall ſcape.

As

As if thou muck-hill-ſcraping Claudian,
Whoſe gowtie fingers fit a deluing ſpade;
Thou ten degrees vnder a Gentleman,
Continuall driuer of an halting iade.
Thou ſimple hackney to a litle profit,
Yet all being done, thou art got maiſter of it.

Multa ſers nulla auſers.

Thou that to get a fat cheekt benifice,
Wilt on thy knees creepe to the antique lawe;
Thou that haſt euen as much reſpect to vice,
As birds with poiſon filling vp their crawe.
Thou that art euer coſening one or other,
Thou that for profit wilt deceiue thy brother.

Fratrum quoq; gratia rara.

As if thy ſhallow bare ſimplicitie,
Could be a pew-fellow for ſuch a Queene;
As if thy mudde-polluted company,
Were obiect fit of her eyes to be ſeene.
Auant transformed *Auaritia*,
Thou art an abiect of *Pecunia*.

Multos ſuſcipit auaritia formas.

Baſe are the thoughts that dote on thy affection,
High is the minde of this vnblemiſht creature;
Deform'd are they which make their election,
Reform'd thou ſeeſt *Pecunia's* louely feature.
No hope of bootie is expected there,
Wherein there doth no likelihood appeare.

Non tenet nubila ſtellam.

Thou in the duſt build'ſt thy felicitie,
She ſets her pleaſure in high maieſtie:
Thou lowly Ant vpon the ground do'ſt lie,
She mounts with Eagles plumes into the skie.
Aſpiring thoughts fit not humilitie,
Baſeneſſe and ſplendour are moſt contrarie.

Cupit & ſimia eſſe generoſa.

If thou haſt skill in ſome ſweete Syraniſme,
Or thou canſt traine thy tongue to eloquence,
Or metamorphos rugged Barbariſme,
Into ſmoothe phraſes, and fine Engliſh ſence;
Or canſt transforme that fuſtie beard anon,
Into ſome new deuiſed faſhion.

Plus barbæ quam ingenij.

If thou canſt turne thoſe flat venetians,
Into a paire of faire Italian hoſe:
If thou canſt proue thy hat a gentlemans,
Or chaunge the colour of thy ſack-ſok't noſe.
If thou ſuppoſe thy reed-thackt colonie,
Be reſidence for this great deitie,

Baucidis tectũ celat Iouem.

Then it may be ſhe will thy cottage viſit,
And thou ſhalt haue the preſence of this Lady;
It may be ſhe will note the marke, yet miſſe it,
It may be ſhee'le deceiue thee, and it may be
Sheel'e take it for an high indignity,
That thou ſhould'ſt offer her thy company.

Auro non pauper affinis.

But thou baſe Puritan, who haſt much wealth,
And on the poore beſtow'ſt it friuolouſly,
Do'ſt keepe a dyet to maintaine thy health,
Pray'ſt in the Church, and liu'ſt as modeſtly.
As any maide that lies alone in bed,
Fearing the ſhipwracke of her maidenhead.

Apage Cupidinis ignem.

Thou pure *Idæa* of a womans face,
Thou ciuill curber of incontinence,
Thou that in geſture art as full of grace,
As any Lobbe in this circumference.
Thou that in plainneſſe haſt a good proportion,
Thou that canſt do all things without extortion.

Sue more nitere colinum.

Goe

Goe bid the Clarke ring day-bell earlier,
Bid the Church-warden mend the broken graue,
Then goe conſult with pariſh-miniſter,
And ſee the poore mans boxe his due to haue.
Dar'ſt thou aſpire to be *Pecunia's* keeper, Omnia non omnes.
Who then to th'ankles neuer wadedſt deeper?

No, ſweete *Pecunia*, ſet thy reſting place
Within the compaſſe of my Indian cheſt,
A ſeate conuenient for ſuch a grace,
Faire Queene, appoint there thy eternall reſt.
The maiſter of it was an Emperour, Cæſaris olim.
The next poſſeſſor be my Paramour.

No more, no more leaud vices miniſters,
(Quoth *Liberalis*) ſilence cloſe your lips;
No more let vice lin'd with thoſe mockes of hers,
Seduce your mindes with Errours doting ſlips.
No more let Enuy in an angry frowne, Virtutis inuidia non mo-
Attempt to throwe vnblemiſht vertue downe. minerit.

No more thou marſhall vnto diffluence,
Feed leaudneſſe in ſo bounteous a meaſure;
No more be waſter of ſuch great expence,
Nor fondly throwe abroad *Pecunia's* treaſure.
Pamper no more the gulfe of gluttony, Tandem fatur
No more be Bayliffe to foule Brothelry. eſto Milanus.

T'is thou that feeds the humours of Curtezans,
Making thy ſelfe a ſlaue to wanton luſt:
Through thee whole rowtes of cunning Artizans,
Do ſtill decreaſe, who on thy kindneſſe truſt.
And when age makes their limbs vnſeruiceable, Non omni
Thou turn'ſt them out as drones vnprofitable. tempore valeo

What needst thou cast away a hundred pound
Vpon one sute, nakednesse couerture?
What need thy knees with fortie crownes be bound?
A lower prised habit were as sure:
Iudis superbia sola est. Onely becausse thou would'st be counted gay,
Thou cast'st in scorne a thousand pound away.

Why's thy cloake set with wanton winding lace,
As if a labirinth lay on the cape?
T'is not the taylors credit, nor thy grace,
But th'imitate of some fantastike Ape.
Etiam & mundus stulteseet. Oh Ideot world, to what ripe foolerie,
Now metamorphos'd is thy progenie?

The poore with weeping voyce salute thy doore,
Sighing forth accents of calamitie;
Yet sorrow nere so much, gets nere the more,
Thou hatest to relieue deepe miserie.
Gnatonem amat. If any Gnato at thy elbowe stand,
Thou dol'st vnto him with a bounteous hand.

The Temple as a dungeon thou abhorr'st,
The Church thou neuer gracest with thy shadow:
Let vs goe kill a light-foote in the forrest,
Or trace the hare alongst the chequer'd medow.
Venantur otiosi. Couple thy hounds, and congregate thy men,
To hunt the shephearps foe out of his den.

Hast thou a hound matcht in mouth like a bell,
Whose eares will sweepe away the morning dewe?
Hast thou an horse, another Bucephall?
Hast thou a proued hawke, pen'd in the mewe?
Resonabilis Echo. Vp to the groues, marke the discording sound,
Of tatling *Eccho*, answering each hound.

Take

Take thou the pleaſure of this apiſh world
To be the portion of thy happineſſe:
Swel yet with pride, let thy fair locks be curl'd,
Thy ſelfe with ſweet water and musk addreſſe.
Yet take paſtime: The day (I dread) wil come
Thou wilt be glad to beg a mite or crumme.

Tempora mutantur.

Its for the foule inciuil cormorant,
Who hopes in time to purchaſe all the earth,
And make thoſe things which now abound, be ſcant,
Cauſing of all things a continuall dearth,
Vnleſſe ſome power celeſtiall do barre
Thy mortal arme to ſtretch it ſelfe ſo farre.

Dij prohibeant.

What profit to the commons haſt procured?
How doth thy cou'tous humor pleaſe the land?
What paines to hinder all haſt not endured?
What cloſe conueyance doeſt thou vſe in hand?
How often haſt thou brib'd the Iudges with gifts,
When thou art driuen to thy narrow ſhifts?

Quem non angulum pecunia.

Like to the Ape thou kill'ſt with cheriſhing,
And thou would'ſt hugge *Pecunia* to death:
Thou would'ſt euen choake her midſt thy pampering,
And with thy kiſſes cleane ſucke out her breath.
In a cloſe cheſt thou mean'ſt to haue her pent,
And keepe her there in laſting priſonment.

Eadem arca eſt carcer aquarj.

But ſure all we about a thing contend,
To which we euery one haue certaine right;
Let each man take the lot that God doth ſend,
And the poſſeſſour yet be free from ſpight.
Is euery man contented with her choyce?
Then Lady make one happie with thy voyce.

Quem fælicem habebimus.

Not

Not ſo (quoth ſhe) my skilleſſe ignorance
Cannot diuine the vertue of you all:
Nor is it wiſedome to decide by chance,
That which may cauſe repentance to befall.
Verbis non virgis. Each truly manifeſt his dignitie,
Then will I iudge who has the victorie.

Auarus. I labour all the day yet reſt at euen,
After much ſorrow finding pleaſures gaine:
Beginning worke at fiue, ending at ſeuen,
Then reſt is acceptable after paine.
Poſt labores gaudium. I plow my land with a long tedious toyle,
Yet after reape the harueſt of my ſoyle.

Prodigus. I all the day mongſt gallant Ladies braue it,
Or at ſome time-beguiling ſweet delight,
No pleaſure in the land but I ſtil haue it,
Harmonious lulls me a ſleepe at night.
Prodigus hiſtrionem. No ſport vnleſſe I a ſpectator bee,
No mirth, vnleſſe I am in companie.

Liberal. Nor labour I the liue-long ſommers day,
Yet ſtil am buſied in good actions:
Nor do I trifle out the time in play,
Yet ſtil vſe honeſt recreations.
Cum corpore mens. In minde I worke, whiles body is at leiſure,
In body I worke, whiles my mind is at pleaſure.

Auar. Mine eyes loue obiects that to gaines are bent,
Thoſe ſhowes be pleaſing that are profitable:
Mine eares loue ſounds that are to gaines intent,
A purchaſe or a bargaine commendable.
Dilligo dolum, domum, & donum. Mine eyes applaud a well ſpi'de benefit,
Mine eares a craftie voice, or ſharp-ey'de wit.

Mine

Mine eyes do wiſh each obiect princely crown'd, *Prodigus.*
A ſcepter or ſome ſence-bereauing ſight:
Thine eares deſire a kings maieſticke ſound,
High powers thund'ring voice, accents of might.
Mine eyes applaud a ſight of Lordly pleaſure, Mihi ſola voluptas.
Mine eare a muſicall harmonious meaſure.

Mine eyes a vertuous demeand Loue, *Liberal.*
Sweet Poeſie, delightfull Oratory:
Mine eares are pleaſde with words, that truth behoue,
With ſome good carall in an auncient ſtory.
Mine eyes applaud nor benefit nor pleaſure, Mihi commoda virtus.
Mine eares nor craftie wit, nor Muſiques meaſure.

I wiſh each ground mine eye ſurueys were mine, *Auarus.*
Then count I thence what profit would ariſe,
I thinke a voice that ſoundeth gaines diuine,
No ſweeter Muſique then commodities.
I couet not that which is not mine owne, *Liberal.*
I neuer ſeeke that which I neer haue ſowne.

I wiſh each glory did belong to mee,
Or my eſtate were farre beyond compare: *Prod.*
I wiſh in me lay chiefe ſupremacy,
Or none as I ſo featur'd, and ſo faire.
Nor I to too much glory do aſpire, *Libe.*
Nor too much fauour beauteous deſire.

I ſteppe into no ſpendthrifts company, *Aua.*
Money's incurable preſumption.
I ſcorne the Myſers rude ſocietie, *Prod.*
Good fellowſhip's damned contagion.
I hate both ſpendthrifts & a myſers minde, *Libe.*
Some ſpent, ſome gotte, yet no leſſe I finde.

Auarus. I do not feed a strumpet with large gifts,
The greatest of all humane misery.
Prod. I do not vse cos'nages vnlawfull shifts,
An vpright conscience infect enemy.
Lib. Nor feede I strumpets, nor vse cosenage,
But hating both, both's downfal do presage.

Aua. Gold is my life: then life what dearer is?
Gold is my hart: who doth not loue his hart?
Prod. Glory's my comfort, shall I glory misse?
Glory's my loue, shall loue from me depart?
Liberal. Gold's deare to me, yet far lesse dear thē life,
Glory is good, vain glory breedeth strife. b

Auar. That week's vnblest that doth not helpe me gaine,
That day's accurst that doth decrease my number.
Prod. The place is Hell, that breeds my smallest paine,
The time is fatall that doth worke my cumber.
Liberal. A time I hope for gaine, a time for griefe,
One time breeds danger, other yeelds relicfe.

Auar. Lady choose me, my riches do excell,
And I wil make thee mistresse of them all.
Prodigus. Lady choose me, that in the citie dwell,
Neare to the court, a place celestiall.
Libe. Lady choose whom thou wilt, content & I,
Wil stand to our edict in destiny.

Pecunia. Nor must my treasures on the waters fall,
Then wil they sinke and neuer more be found:
I must not feed a spendthrift prodigall,
Nor let my heapes of gold with him abound,
Vna dies dissoluit Crœsum — Who in a day dissolueth more in cheare,
Thē the rich Indian Mines yeeld in a yeare.

Nor

Nor muſt I liue with a nice Puritaine,
One that doth feare to counterfeit or lye,
One that nere vttereth a word in vaine,
A preciſe maſter of ſimplicitie.
Hence diffluence, auaunt poore puritie,
For I caſhier you both my company. Pura mal' odioſa.

Come ſweete *Auarus*, hug me in thine armes,
Encreaſe my heapes by thy aſſiduall toile,
Keepe me ſecure from life-purſuing harmes,
Preſerue my ſplendour from all ſpotting ſoile.
Into thy boſome will I creepe my loue,
And on thy breaſt lye like an harmles doue. Quis reſpuit anrum?

Imbrace me, kiſſe me, I am onely thine,
Fortune layes ſo, who contradicts her will?
Loue me, adore me, be thou onely mine,
We louers are, and louers ſhalbe ſtill.
Let crabtree-might vſe all authoritie,
The lawe through bribes ſhall curbe his enmitie. Lex mea iura tenet.

Inraged *Prodigus* bluſhing to ſee
(Euen mongſt the wicked, pride hath ouerthrowe)
A clowne preferd before his dignitie,
Burning in wrath, and mad in outward ſhowe,
Drew the reuenger of all giuen diſgrace,
His ſword, and ranne it at *Auarus* face. Quo tandem iracundia?

Running, I knowe not what celeſtiall power
Stopp'd the ſucceſſe of his aduenturous caſe;
But when his wrinckled front began to lowre,
And his carier had budg'd one profer'd pace,
Three Goddeſſes (their ſhapes did tell me ſo)
Preuent *Auarus* ill occaſion'd woe. An Iupiter aſpicit Irum.

The first was like to *Ioues* imperiall wife,
Yet lesser both in name and dignitie:
Tis she that hath possession of the knife,
Which cuts all humanes vitall threed: t'is she
Sua sint cuiq; That is the great commandresse of the fates,
Giuer of noble worths, and lowe estates.

Mistresse of chaunce, great Queene of destinie,
Ordresse of lots, causer of alterations,
The puller downe of Iouiall maiestie,
And high erecter of base vsurpations.
Volubilis est fors. Whose mind a tott'ring carries hence,
Proud of her owne high valued excellence.

Her name is *Fortune*: on her right side stands
A Nymph, that bore her euer-turning wheele;
On th'other side a King, who with his hand
Held out a globe, which like a bowle, did reele.
Fortune had after her, attendants three,
Parcæ ne domina pareunt. The fatall sisters of the Destinie.

The next to her succeeds Vice swaggering,
Her face being gilded ore, hornes on her head;
Her Nymphes support a faire tree flourishing,
Laden with fruite, with guilt leaues honoured.
Infertilis arbor. In euery graine, in euery braunch thereof,
The gazers eye might well behold a scoffe.

The last was Vertue, least in estimation,
A coxecombe on her beauteous head was placed,
Before a spotlesse white, behind, coronation,
With crownes and louely girlands she was graced,
Non hominem vestis. Her robe full of bright-shining starres was set,
By hands thrust out of cloudes as blacke as Ieat.

Three Nymphes in mourning veſtures all araide,
Brought out a tree, halfe greene, halfe withered,
Vertue her ſelfe weeping (poore hapleſſe maide)
To ſee all men vpon her worth to tread.
Whiles ſhe is proud to weare the ſcorne of ſots, Neſcit ſtultitia vorum.
And haue her garment dight with enuious ſpots.

Stand not amaz'd poore mortalls at this ſight, *Fort.*
Lift vp your eyes, if my great maieſtie
Dampe not you oplique ſence: my radiant light
Dull not your intellectuall perſpicacie.
Nay do not fall: if I begin to frowne
You need not fall downe, for Ile ſpurne you downe. Quem vult fortuna tradit.

See you this Globe, this little toy call'd world,
Lying in due ſubiection to my powers?
Sometimes my hand into the ayre it hurld,
And then create I Kings and Emperours.
Sometimes I turne it, and inueſt a clowne, Ex officina princeps.
Miraculouſly with a Princes crowne.

Tis I that tumble honour to the ground,
And in the earth hide royall maieſtie;
Tis I that an vnconquer'd foe aſtound,
Giuing an Ideot beſt felicitie.
I ſet a ſottiſh cappe on Vertues head,
I cauſe vice chiefly to be honoured. Vertus ignota

I thruſt a coward into honours chaire,
And make a ſouldier bare-headed ſtand,
Whilſt they ſit proudly ſcoffing his affaire,
That dare not counterview an armed band.
I lift vp fooles, and to the wiſer ſend
A moſt perplexed life, and ſudden end. Haud longa ſunt bona.

I turne faire learning out to beggerie,
And in ragg'd veſtments clothe an vpright wit,
I tread vpon the necke of royaltie,
And vnto wiſedome giue a raining bit.
Gallo dantur iemmæ. I gild falſe browes with faireſt diadems,
And to the dung-hill cock giue richeſt iems.

I (to conclude) am maiſtris of the world,
All mortall things are in my regiment:
Frowne, I croſſe fortunes to the earth are hurld.
Smile I, good happes anſwere each mans content.
Ventos non Iubeo. I haue the foure windes tutourd in good awe,
The world her breath doth from this boſome drawe.

Vice. Vertue thou droop'ſt, the more we make thee mirth,
The more thou turn'ſt away thy ſcornefull face:
If I looke vp to heauen, thou on the earth,
If I on earth, ſtraight thou on heauen do'ſt gaze.
Flet virtus, ridet vitium. Laugh I, thou weepeſt: ſigh I, thou art then merrie,
And when thou ſeeſt me luſtie, thou art wearie.

As if this ſtubborne oppoſition
Fooliſh contrarying of my humours choyce,
Could get thee glories commendation,
Verba ventoſa ſapienti videntur. Or to thy laude bend but one onely voyce.
Be of my ſchoole, and honour Vices meed,
And thou ſhalt be adored wench indeed.

Tis not this plaine domeſticke achorniſme,
This imitation of the common lay,
Tis not this ſottiſh habit of preciſme,
Can make thee be beloued: no wench, goe gay,
Flouriſh in new commenced faſhions,
Sis nobis homo. And thou ſhalt worke ſtrange operations.

Becauſe

Becauſe thine eyes be ſurer witneſſes
Then thy incredulous eare, tarry and view
My well repleniſht ſchooles, true worthineſſe,
The ſight will make thee bid preciſme adiew,
And thinke this ſhowe farre to exceed the Lay
That honour'd *Iuno* at her wedding day.

Iunonis nuptias excellit.

The vſher that thou ſeeſt, doth guide the place,
Teaching their ſteps indenting paſſages,
Is Folly, loe in what conceited race
She leades them on: her vſuall offices
Doth teach them fondneſſe, wanton reuelling,
Lightneſſe of minde, and wits extinguiſhing.

Vix natum ingenium extinguitur.

The firſt and primate of my ſchoole is this,
He that hath wonne the golden prize away,
All ſcraping couetouſneſſe, that would haue his,
All that vpon th'earths maſſie round doth ſtay.
Pecunia is his peculiar,
Money his god, coyne his familiar.

Auaritia ſine fu s.

He thinkes ere long to be the worlds chiefe maſter,
To bring all wealth to his ſubiection;
Hee's euer getting, neuer found a waſter,
Tis he that *Argentum* hath in tuition.
Faire *Aurum's* preſence now the Indians mis,
For ſhe hath ſworne for euer to be his.

Sæper eſt pauper, tamen.

The ſecond ſcholler is his oppoſite,
The eldeſt ſonne to diſſolution,
Borne to great lands, yet in his head ſo light,
That all is ſpent in diſſipation.
Scatt'ring that in a minute, which his father
Was his whole life's time buſied to gather.

Vbi diffuis diploidem?

He fathers all theſe new found faſhions,
And patronizeth all fantaſticke ſhowes:
The very Ape of imitations,
Yet wondred at, like to an owle mõgſt crowes.
His ſeruants are the Paraſite and Pandar,
Danus tibi non Ædipus. And he to all ſuch ſlaues, is a commander.

3 The third is Enuy, in whoſe Iron pawes,
More ſauage then was euer *Mirmidon*,
Lies balls of wild-fire neare an heap of ſtrawes,
To burne in flambes who ere he caſt it on.
Ilcuidia volat. Arm'd with reuenge, he rangeth vp and downe,
Tearing his haires from off his bared crowne.

Two poyſonous ſnakes within his fiſts he gripes,
As if for anger he could ſting his fleſh:
An Owle he keepes, to waken with her ſhrikes,
To worke reuenge euen whiles his wrath is freſh.
Inuido placẽt & nex & nox. Swifter abroad then *Æolus* he rangeth,
And all his plots to dire effects he changeth.

4 The fourth is ſluggiſh-headed Idleneſſe,
His eyes ſinke in his head through ceaſeleſſe ſleepe,
His pace keepes pace with the ſnayles ſlothfulneſſe,
His ſight doth an accuſtom'd cloſſet keepe.
Inertia quanta? Snorting he lies all night, dreaming all day,
So idely doth he paſſe the time away.

He is the father of thoſe dreaming fooles
That creepe like worms (more vgly they then wormes)
Trembling to do their office in the ſchooles,
Frai'd with the leaſt tempeſtuous windes or ſtormes.
Plunbans es Heauier then lumpes of leade, or heapes of clay,
Harder then mountaines to be mou'd away.

The

The fift is daintie-throated gluttony, 5
Whoſe chiefe imployed ſeruants be all cookes,
He ſtudies new-deuiſed cookery,
Straunge Iunkets, wondrous diſhes:
His houſe is nought but kitchin, then I feare Tunc' coquus
Himſelfe at length wil proue a kitchiner.

He loues no fellowes but good trenchermen,
None follow him, but they are ſmel-feaſts nam'd:
A well dreſt ſupper he full ſoone will ken,
Out of his houſe he quite hath hunger ſham'd.
Hunger exil'd, depart vnto thy cell, Teſtantur genæ.
His very lookes thy ſharpeſt force wil quell.

The ſixt is Pride, clad like the morning Sunne, 6
Whē mōgſt the Pine trees on th'heauē-thretning moū-
He ſeeks his *Clymene*, his veſtall Nunne, (taines,
Or els at night hard by ſome nuptiall Fountaine
Wearing a Iewel dangling at her eare, Cuius lætiſſi-
Worth a kings reuenewes euery yeare. ma.

Ladies vpon her traine attend and wait,
Like to ſome goddeſſe, or ſome Nimph diuine
Her habite ſhowes her: in her owne conceit
Her glory doth obſcure bright *Phœbus* ſhine.
She deemes her ſelfe faire beauties quinteſcence, Venuſne mor-
Miſtris of glory, Queene of Eminence. talis.

The ſeuenth and laſt of theſe ſuperiour rowes,
Is mine owne darling, hight licentiouſneſſe,
That beauteous Syren that inchants with ſhowes,
The very ſoule of Vertue blemiſhleſſe.
Inticing bayt hung on a golden hooke, Piſcibus ſic
That can bewitch each doating gazers looke. eſca.

Her breſts lye open to diſplay the neſts,
Where all the Graces make their reſidence:
Faire ſmooth, dugge-riſing, and deſcendant breſts,
Cleare ſnow white neck hedg'd with a ſilke ſoft fence.
Te videmus non tua. Thrice fairer then my tongue can render thee,
The perfect mirrour of formoſitie.

Theſe be the chiefeſt ſchollers that I keepe,
The firme vpholders of great vices ſeate:
All theſe my fellow darlings I y-cleape,
Cauſe they as I be euer fortunate.
Vilorum eſt ne concordiat Their powers be great, themſelues are capitall,
Their ſtates alike, moſt vitious, one, and all.

A rabblement of pettie graduates
Fill vp the other angule of my ſeate:
As malice cloyſtur'd in ſome lowe eſtates,
Blaſphemous oathes another corner get.
Hoc lingua illud mens. Lying ſits ſtil inuenting truthleſſe wonders,
Swearing euacuateth oathes like thunders.

Vertue if thou my ſcholler eke wilt be,
Adioyne thy ſelfe to this ſocietie:
Race off this badge of leane-fac'd puritie,
Aſſume to thee ſome princely maieſtie.
Tegmine tegeris. Thy vertue thus obſcur'd in the worlds eye,
Doth giue diſparage to thy dignitie.

Think'ſt thou the world wil loue a dungeon,
Whoſe entrance breeds no pleaſure to the eye:
Although within that loathed manſion
Worlds of delights, ages of pleaſure lye.
Specie ne approbat. When th'outſides vgly ſhowe mens eyes do greete,
From it, ſtrait from it, all their loue doth fleete.

How

How are thy inward parts be beautifi'de,
Be ſure without to beare a proud apparance,
Within ſet baſenes, and without ſet pride,
The badge of honour is true Iouiſance.
Put on ſome glorious beames that may enflame
The hearts of men to honour thy great name. Labeius accipe plúmus.

Deare miſtris (quoth the Nymphes) now be thy ſelfe,
And like thy ſelfe ſhine in thy glorious feature:
Chace hence this ſcumme, this droſſe, this floriſht pelfe,
This out-adorned, in-polluted creature.
Let the world laugh, fantaſticke follies net
Shall now be torne, all men ſhall Vertue get. Vitij olent inteſtina.

Happie, thrice happie is that purer minde
Whom wiſedome keepeth an adopted heire:
Oh ſacred patron to a wit refinde,
Valiant vpholder of a ſoule ſo faire.
Vertue I ſerue, and ſeruing her I finde
All looſe affections ſlaues to my pure minde. Virtuti me.

Happie content the curber of my will,
Teaching neceſſitie to dance in woe:
Giuing to forward thoughts a raine, to ſtill
The fickle humours, which eu'r changing goe.
Vertue on earth ſole monarch thee hath crown'd,
Ouer all petiie vertues that are found. Sorte mea contentus.

What a nice brawling keep theſe cattes preciſe *Vice.*
Of pettie vertues and content of minde?
Firſt ſhould theſe hands quite race out both theſe eyes,
Ere *Fortune* me ſo ceremonious finde.
Heer's much ado about a thing of noughts,
Concerning quiet, and the eaſe of thoughts. Parturiunt montes.

Cheeke-dimpling laughture, ſet thy merry ſoole
Amidſt the ſadneſſe of this drouping rout:
Shew them a franklin dauncing in a hoole,
Whiles his young ſquire ſinges hooby in and out.
Aſinus aſinum fert dominum. Show them a long-eard Aſſe his maiſter bearing,
Thou ſtanding by, and both them Aſſes ſwearing.

Show them a ſhauen ruſticke, in whoſe beard
Hiems cold Ice, not *Himens* bloomes are rife:
His gowtie fingerels enwriſting hard
The tender-ioynted roundure of his wife.
Aſpice caput. Whiles ſhe doth dally & his haires adorne,
She plants vpon his head a goodly horne.

See there a monkey (oh faire-featur'd beaſt)
Creep to his miſtris warme laps manſion,
VVhere her owne husband (yet ſcarce he with reſt)
Once in one tweluemonth hath acceſſe vpon.
Beſtia cum beſtijs. Thrice happy beaſt that graunted art that place
VVhich men deſire, yet ſtil kept off a ſpace.

Show them a Dyer wedding with a Beare,
As if his colours could transforme the beaſt,
Or to the corpes another feature reare,
Or metamorphoſe her rugg'd hairy breaſt
Vetus Aſinus nunquam ſapiens. Into ſome ſmooth and amiable forme,
But t'is impoſſible, ſhee's too much worne.

How (ah how) can mine eares (Vertue began)
Abide the hearing of theſe vitious euils?
How can mine eyes behold baſe vice to ſcan
The top of honour with theſe glorious diuels?
Ignoras pudorem. Iniurious ſtrumpet hide thy face for ſhame,
For heauen it ſelfe doth hate thy odious name.

Thinkſt

Think'ſt it a glory to behold thoſe fooles,
Climing by grees vnto the height of ſinne?
Tak'ſt thou a pleaſure to behold thy ſchooles
With Oceans of wit drownd ſots to ſwimme?
Thou horred mappe of vile inequitie,
Laugh'ſt thou to ſee thine owne impietie?

Ridet Xanthus.

If I would boaſt, I could arreſt thine eyes
With fairer obiects then thou yet didſt ſee:
I could acquaint thine eares with harmonies,
Sweeter then *Syrens* chaunting melodie.
But who knowes not that who ſo Vertue loues,
Vice from his eyes as odious remoues.

Borum & appeto & expeto

To counterchecke thy peacock-plumed pride,
I haue a ſcholler call'd Humilitie,
Though poore without, yet inly beautifi'de
With hidden treaſure, and faire dignitie.
Pride is moſt rich in ſhewe, but bare in minde,
But him in ſhewe poore, in ſoule rich I finde.

Simia quamuis ornata.

To counteruaile luſts great preheminence,
And all the crew of thoſe lycentious fires,
I haue affection ruling continence,
Honeſties miſtreſſe, Queene of chaſte deſires,
A holy veſtall, whoſe virginitie
Parts not but with her ſoule from ſpotleſſe body.

Veſtalem te iudico.

The meane betwixt mudde-raking couetouſneſſe,
And looſeneſſe offſpring, careleſſe diffluence,
I haue this liberall ſparing bounteouſneſſe,
Free giuer, yet with equall conſcience.
Vertue on both ſides ſtands enuironed
With two extreames, both vices chronicled.

Medina ſæpiſſime virtus.

To contrary thy Enuies byting hate,
And all the honour of maliciouſneſſe:
I haue pure meeknes, who in all eſtate
Is ſtill content with humble lowlineſſe.
Nec vis, nec lenitas. Hating ambitious Enuies angry ſting,
Louing a mild and equall cenſuring.

If I would lay the glory of my ſchoole
Open to euery vitious gazers eye,
I ſhould amaze the ſottiſh doting foole,
Quite ouercome with incredulitie.
Neſcit me mundus. But ſince the world my vertue doth not knowe,
They hate my walkes, and follow vice their woe.

Whiles I alone do walke along'ſt the ſtreetes,
Each vaſſaile gins to ſpit at me in ſcorne:
The more my honour, for ere this life fleetes
He ſhall be bandyed, and of ioy forlorne.
Te propria reijciet domina. Be quite reiected of his proper dame,
And die a death of vnrecouer'd ſhame.

This is the ende of all thy minions,
Moſt wretched, fearfull, and deteſtable:
What's the precedent lifes progreſſion,
When the lifes ende is found ſo horrible?
Finis acta probat. An euil act, attracts an euil end,
And by the iſſue ſtil the worth is ken'd.

The ende to which each man the world doth ſee,
Is to extoll our high Creators glory:
Each of thy ſchollers doth the contrary,
And to the diuel are contributary.
Sufficet eſſe ſeruum. Oh honourable ſeruice, office high,
To vndertake *Hobgoblins* baylifry.

Whom

Who but thoſe men whom Follyes chaunting tong,
Hath metamorphos'd vnto mindleſſe ſots?
Who but whom Vices witching Syrens ſong,
Hath quite transform'd to witleſſe Ideots,
Will flye from Vertue, ſoules reſtoratiue,
To cleaue to Vice, poiſons miniſtratiue?

Placent Nigerimia nigro.

Caſſandra thou preſaging Propheteſſe,
(Thrice happie, if as ſoone beleeu'd as heard)
Why breatheſt thou tydings of happineſſe,
Amidſt a rocke of Adamants vpreard?
Whoſe breſt thy ſiluer newes cannot yperſe,
What credit they which Vertue doth rehearſe.

Bona non admittuntur.

Deformed ſtrumpet, or if vglier name,
May to a moſt deteſted wretch be right,
Bluſh monſter, bluſh agent, to ſtubborne ſhame,
The vnderprop of Sathans powerfull might.
Seducing miſchiefes, teaching ruder wights,
That Vice doth rule by day, Vertue by nights.

Tenebroſum eſt vitium.

Though I haue like a pilgrim walk'd ſome-while,
Meating by ſteps the earths circumference,
With looſer garments ouercaſting ſtill,
The modeſt ſplendour of my Eminence,
Trying if any breſt that Vertue loued,
Would haue this lump of ſin from's heart remoued.

Numquam ſero

But ſince my vertue was but modeſtie,
And all my garments ſimple plainneſſe deemd:
Since my companion was integritie,
Meekeneſſe my page, (baſeneſſe of all eſteemd)
I'm ſo reiected, that each man (oh greefe)
Loues not himſelfe, if I him ſeeme to leefe.

Quem mihi monſtras

But

But now nor thou presumptuous impudent,
Shameles vpbraidor, tyrannizing dame,
Shalt with thy fugred tongue to pleasure bent,
Slurry with scandall Vertues glorious name,
Nor like an Angell canonized bee,
Wiles I am beaten with deepe miserie.

Angelus in foro.

Nor thou dame crosse-blisse, reeling mistris chance,
State alt'ring tyrant, who impuritie
Vp to the height of honour do'st aduance,
But tread'st with enuious foote on pietie.
No more shalt thou with mischiefs crosse my darling,
No more shall Vertues seruants feare thy snarling.

Non semper Apollo vacabis

Learning shall flourish inaugre all thy power,
Ripe wit shall scorne thy tyrannizing front,
All shall disdaine thy hearts astounding tower,
Not one shall recke thy lookes, looke nere so scont.
Meekenesse with smiling censure shall disdaine
The fell infliction of disaster paine.

Contento placent etiam in fortunia.

Nor mistris *Minx* that hight *Pecunia*,
Whom Vice constraines to be her seruitour,
Fortuna's darling, the worlds *Helena*,
Auarus life, liefe, loue, and nouriture,
Shall cause a liberall purse emptie to be,
And fill the bags of infrugalitie.

Liberali non deest bursa.

Now what a railing mistris Vertue keepes,
(Quoth Vice) stand'st thou vpō thy pantofles?
Or do'st thou thinke that Vice and Fortune sleepes,
And cannot heare thy rayling menacies?
Ile haue a bitte to raine that too free tong,
Or else it will insult ore me ere long.

Mens irritas!

Nay

Nay ſure (quoth *Fortune*) ſhe ouerthrowes vs all,
Who knowes not but that Vertue can pleade well?
For ſhe hath hony'd Eloquence at call,
And Rhetoricke euen at her becke doth dwell.
But if her pride be ouer peremptory, Res fuſtibus agi.
Our hands and not our tongues ſhall win the glory.

Vertue becauſe thou deem'ſt thy power worth
Beyond the eſtimation of compare,
We meane to wring thy deepeſt power forth,
And ere we leaue, leaue all thy glory bare.
For why, theſe inſultations do ſpurre on Nolentem incitas.
Our forward force of indignation.

The Chalenge.

Vice and my ſelfe with all our followers,
Whoſe power we certaine are thou canſt not daunt:
Will and commaund thee with thy ſeruiters,
Either to our iniunctions to graunt,
That is to yeeld thy ſelfe for Vices ſlaue, Te tua manus.
Or with thy hand digge thy eternall graue.

If thou refuſe obeyſance due to yeeld
Vnto theſe articles: with ſpeed prepare
To meete vs with an army in the feeld,
Where both ſhal try their powers in the warre.
Arme all thy troopes, for thou ſhalt honor vs Iacente ſole, emicat luna.
By making our large force victorious.

Proud Impe (quoth Vertue) theſe audacious words
Argue in thee a moſt preſumptuous ſpirite,
Although no crab but ſome good iuyce affords,
This plot doth both thy ioy and mine inherite.
Wherefore ere Vertue ſtoope to be a ſlaue, Neſcit virtus ſeruitudinem.
Shee'le die in field, and there expect a graue.

The fitteſt place for warre let me aſſigne,
(The weaker combatant may chooſe his ground)
I know thou deem'ſt the conqueſt euen now thine,
Thy hundreth ſouldiers to my one is found.
Then for pure pittie let me point the place,
When I am to receiue mine owne diſgrace.

Ne angulo fiat.

There is an Iland bordering by *France*,
By auncient yore y-cleped *Albion*:
Worthy of ſelfe, whom worthyer Peeres aduance,
Vnto the name of Honours manſion.
A royall ſeate of *Iouiall* Monarchie,
Full of vnconqu'rd rule to ſoueraigntie.

Inſula fælix.

Time-honour'd *Albion* hauing loſt this name,
Is by the name of England famouſed:
William the conqu'rour firſt wonne the ſame,
Rude then, and ſauage, ſcarce inhabited.
His royall iſſue haue enlarg'd the land,
And made it famous by their conqu'ring hand.

Hic virtus.

Thither repaire to bring thy troopes with thee,
There will we try the fortune of the day:
To whom great *Ioue* aſſignes the victorie,
The conquered to them ſhall ſtoope and ſay,
Since heau'ns Creator, thee the victor made,
I haue my corpes at thy feete captiue laide.

Victoria certa eſt.

This ſaid, they parted: *Fortune* ſmiling ſtill
To thinke of Vertues future ouerthrowe:
Vice merry walking with conceited will,
Laughing ſometimes to thinke on Vertues woe.
Vertue was modeſt hoping victorie,
Truſting the Gods would giue her ſou'raigntie.

Modeſtia vincit.

High-

High-minded *Fortune*, Vertues enuious foe,
Strait put a ſupplication vp to *Ioue*:
That on her ſide the peeres of heauen might goe,
And all from Vertue would their grace remoue.
But *Maya's* ſonne theſe Letters intercepted,
And others in their roome to *Ioue* directed.

Ingenium virtuti amicum.

As from his ſiſter Vertue he did write,
Crauing aſſiſtance gainſt the Queene of chance;
And gainſt proud Vice her enuious oppoſite,
Ioue ſmil'd and ſaid he Vertue would aduance.
Nor ſhould proud vice, nor haughtie miſtris Chance
Be able to withſtand her puiſſance.

Virtus non Fortunæ in ſeruiet.

With that he ſtrait enioyned *Mercury*
With winged ſpeed to poaſt to Vertues tent,
Bid her aſſured be of victory,
For I haue vow'd that *Fortune* ſhall repent
That euer ſhe aſſumed Vices part,
And ſwore that Vertue miſtreſſed his hart.

Quis non tremit frato Ioue?

Swifter then lightling *Tripos* flies away,
And preinformes her of what ſhould enſue;
Vertue reuiuing to him thus gan ſay,
Celeſtiall brother I am bound to you,
For being ſuch my Fautour vnto *Ioue*,
To whom I owe both zeale and duteous loue.

Ioui mea omnia.

Sweete brother giue immortall thankes to him,
Whoſe bountie farre excceds a mortall boone;
Vertue I truſt now Vices power ſhall dim,
And Vice lye dead that all this while hath ſhone.
Oh bleſſed day, oh three times bleſſed hower,
VVhen *Ioue* hath giuen Vertue celeſtiall power.

Virtus ſuper omnia laudem.

This said, into the aire mounts *Maya's* sonne,
When at his comming to *Ioues* closet doore,
Fortune he spi'd, who then to knock begunne,
But *Tripos* staying her from knocking more,
Told her that *Ioue* was quiet and at rest,
Charging no wight his study should molest.

Non vacat exiguis Iouis.

Fortune departs frustrate of her pretence,
And now the day of battell is assign'd:
Vertue now glitters in her excellence,
Clad in most glorious habit, all refin'd.
A louelyer Damosel neuer eye could view,
Beautie in others fain'd, in her was true.

Hic est pulchritudo.

The brest-plate that she wore was liuely Faith,
That did repel all darts y-throwne at her:
Hope as a fortresse fore her selfe she laith,
To keepe away each vitious menacer.
Her head-peece is faire Comfort, which being on,
She seems to scorne, dread, death, confusion.

Omnes hæc fert testudo capus.

Next to her succeedeth *Liberalitie*,
A valiant Captaine, warlike Collonell:
With many Vertues in his companie,
This a Lieutenant, that a Centinell.
Thus was her army fill'd on euery side,
Whole troupes of soules vnto her hourely hi'de.

Vim virtus habebit.

Yet the least wing of Vices mightie hoast,
Was three times more then Vertues totall band:
Till warlike *Pallas* did to Vertue poast,
And promisde helpe with her all-conqu'ring hand.
Vertue reioyc'd, and in most humble manner
Desired *Pallas* to erect her banner.

An Palladis arma?

Venus

Venus ſaw this, and made amaine to Vice,
Vowing to lend her all her womans power:
Mars miſſing his ſweet *Venus*, in a trice
Departs to *Fortunes* band in angry ſtower.
Where ſpying *Venus*, ſtrait by *Styx* he ſwore, Stygias iurauerit vmbras.
To follow Vices colours euermore.

Ioue ſeeing this, tooke thunder in his hand,
Deſcending all in lightning on the ground:
Amazed and agaſt doth Vertue ſtand,
Till *Ioue* doth waken out her drowſie ſtound,
And bids her be of comfort, for this day Phœbum hodiè obſcuras.
She ſhould outſhine in Glory *Phœbus* ray.

The battell ioyn'd, Vice held vp conqu'ring hand,
Till *Ioue* diſdaining further dalliance,
Scatter'd his thunderbolts midſt Vices band,
Which cleane amaz'd the impious Queene of chance,
To ſee her army groueling on the ground, Quis Ioui ne opponit;
Scarce one aliue, yet not one dead was found.

Vertue now haſteth vnto Vices campe,
There taking all her ſeruants priſoners;
Now Vertue *Fortunes* glory quite doth damp,
She and her crew be only conquerers.
Fortune was made confeſſe, and Vice to kneele, Vincuntur gigantes.
Both true to her, that ſcorn'd her at their heele.

Ioue gaue ſtrait charge to haue them cloſely kept,
For breaking forth to ſuch vile outrages:
Pecunia now to Vertues lappe y-lept,
Begging for pardon for her ſtubborneſſe.
Vertue forgaue her, and forthwith diſburſ'd her Vitionem neſcit Arete.
To *Liberalis* charge, who ſtraighwaies purſ'd her.

Vice they impriſon'd, oh would they had ſlaine her,
For ſhe corrupted ſtrait the Iaylors hart;
Indeed what cloſeſt priſon could detaine her,
Who with ſuch witching paſſions acts her part?
Vitium repit ſanctum. She crept abroad, though with a mortall wound,
But in ſhort ſpace recouer'd and was found.

Ioue now departing, Vertue did command,
In England to ſet vp her chiefeſt reſt;
She ſhould finde fauour at *Eliza's* hand,
With whom faire wiſedome builded had his neſt.
Virtus habet Elizabetham. The Gods aſcend to heauen, Vertue departs
T'our more then mortall Queene, ruler of harts.

Fortune now frets to ſee her ſelfe throwne downe,
And Vertue lifted to ſuch dignitie,
Truth at the laſt attained due renowne,
Pecunia is diſpoſed thriftily.
Anglia ætatem habet auream. England thou art Pleaſures-preſenting ſtage,
The perfect patterne of the golden age.

Neuer be date of this felicitie,
Neuer be alteration of this ioy.
Neuer, ah neuer faile thy dignitie.
Neuer let *Fortune* croſſe thee with annoy.
Te ſoſpite Anglia ſoſpes. Neuer let Vertue by Vice ſuffer death.
Neuer be abſent our *Elizabeth*.

Euer for euer Englands *Beta* bee,
Feared of Forraines, honour'd of thine owne,
Euer let treaſon ſtoope to ſou'raigntie.
Euer let Vice by Truth be ouerthrowne.
Viuat Regina. Euer graunt Heauens Creator, of our Queene,
We ſtill may ſay ſhe is, not ſhe hath beene.

FINIS.

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